

frightened and screamed. Then I fell to the floor in a semi-conscious condition. I was never sicker in my life before. I thought of a thousand things as I lay on the floor. I was quite sure I was in a serious condition.

"I was dimly conscious of the great crowd that rushed toward me when I screamed. I could hear them like the roar of a thousand voices far off.

"Then I received my first mental shock. Mr. Kennedy, the floor manager, rushed over and bent down and whispered a warning to me that I would be fired if I screamed again.

"You've made things bad enough for us," he said.

"That statement of Kennedy's made while his eyes fairly gleamed with anger seemed to rob me of the last bit of strength. I fainted.

"I realized nothing again until I woke up in the temporary hospital on the eighth floor. Several people were working over me.

"When I revived they lost all interest in the case and told me to go downstairs to my stand. I was sick all day. At 5 o'clock Kennedy told me to go home.

"At that time they realized that my condition was so bad that they had two men take me to the car.

"What shocked me most was their absolute indifference as to what may have happened me. They paid absolutely no attention to the pain I was in, but walked up and down threatening me because I had created a disturbance.

"Then the newspaper reporters came and the store officials became panic-stricken. They rushed to me and told me that under no circumstances should I talk to the reporters.

"It seems like a nightmare to me now when I think of it," and the girl closed her eyes as though to shut out the vision of the terrible fright. "I will never go into that store again, either as employe or shopper. O,

how could the men at the store have been as mean as they were."

The girl's mother is indignant at all department stores.

"Never again will I allow any child of mine to go into one of those hell-holes," was her assertion.

The Galway girl is typical of the army of young girl breadwinners that are aiding in the maintenance of families by working for miserable salaries in department stores and factories.

When she was scarcely fifteen she started to work at The Fair for \$2.50 a week. Lately she has been receiving \$6.

She is a small, slender girl with a wealth of golden hair and wonderfully calm looking violet eyes. There was no trace of hysteria about her. She is firmly convinced that she was a victim of a "needle man." And those who have heard believe she is right.

Eddie Lehmann, boss of The Fair, appeared in the role of a girl-baiter today when interviewed by a Day Book reporter. He openly sneered out that the girl "wasn't right."

And then Lehmann nearly came admitting that the girl was under a strain because he had worked her too hard for that \$6 he was paying her.

"The girl was hysterical, tired, nervous," he told the reporter.

"Overworked, possibly?" suggested the reporter.

"Ah-O—she wasn't quite right," Lehmann blurted out.

"What do you mean by not quite right?" asked the reporter.

"O, I won't discuss it," answered Lehmann. And the interview was ended.

A TALKING POINT

"This phonograph," averred the salesman, "needs no introduction."

"Why not?"

"It speaks for itself."—Judge.

There are said to be nearly 500 women doctors in England.